

THE BOOKSELLER
3 FEBRUARY 1899

REVIEW OF *SONGS OF THE SPIRIT*

In the epilogue to his "Songs of the Spirit," Mr. Crowley tells us that

The garland I made in my sorrow
Was woven of infinite peace,

and he prays that "for an hour Let my rhyme be not wholly unsweet." Nor shall it be, seeing how rich and melodious are many of his poems, besides being full of powerful and original thought. Their tendency is that of the occult philosophy, of a wild and lurid colouring enough it may be, but in no instance devoid of the marks of a true poetic imagination.